

For the Children

THE LILIES.

By Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.

What are the lilies saying
On this glad Easter morn?
Some in the breeze are swaying,
Some altars fair adorn;
I think if these pure flowers,
That odors sweet exhale,
Could really preach a sermon,
We'd listen without fail.

If, to their snowy petals,
We'd bend a listening ear,
I think they'd softly whisper,
"The Savior is 'not here';"
They'd show the hallowed garden,
The Marys hastening there,
And then—the tomb so empty;
All this would they declare.

Then, if we'd closer nestle
And seek their hearts of gold,
A deeper, deeper meaning
Would they, to us, unfold;
That Easter thoughts are joyful
And drive all gloom away,
Because, as Christ has risen,
The night of death—is—day.

ROSE TAYLOR'S EASTER LILY.

By Sarah N. McCreary.

Rose Taylor looked carefully over her Easter lily; it was green and thrifty, but had no buds.

"I do want just one blossom, so I can take it to church on Easter," she remarked. "Mr. Hood says he wants every scholar to bring a flower."

The next week Rose was busy with examination, and she had no time to think of her flower. When she looked at it again four tiny buds were visible.

"They will be just fine for Easter!" she exclaimed.

The lily was faithfully watered, and the buds grew slowly. A week before Easter they began to open. When they were full blown they were beauties.

"Nobody will have a prettier flower than mine," Rose said, happily.

On Saturday morning before Easter, the scholars, teachers and superintendent were to decorate the church parlors where the Sabbath school met. Rose went to help, but decided not to take her flower until Sabbath. A place was kept for it on the superintendent's table, however.

"I guess Mr. Hood thought my lily would be nice," Rose remarked proudly at dinner. "He kept a place for it on his table. I will take it down early in the morning."

"I think you are prouder of the flower than of your new dress," said her father, smiling.

"I suppose it's because I took all the care of the flower, and then my recitation is about the Easter lily," answered Rose.

After dinner Mrs. Taylor said to her daughter, "I want you to take a basket to Miss Phoebe Barlow this afternoon. Her rheumatism is bad again. She doesn't have much to eat, but she is so proud. I hesitate to try

to help her. You may tell her this is just an Easter greeting."

"May I stop to see Marion Evans?" asked Rose.

"Yes, but go to Miss Phoebe's first. I don't like to have you in that neighborhood when it is late," was the reply.

Mrs. Taylor packed a basket with eggs, meat, bread, cake and other dainties, and Rose started off with them, singing as she went.

Miss Barlow was glad when a knock broke the silence. She had seen no face for a week. She was doubly glad when Rose's cherry countenance appeared.

"I brought you a basket, Miss Phoebe," was the greeting. "Mamma said to tell you it was her Easter remembrance. You needn't empty the basket; I'll get it another time. How is your rheumatism?"

Miss Phoebe started to tell how she had suffered, then suddenly checked herself. "Old people talk too much of their ailments. I will not say another word about myself. Tell me your plans for Easter. Will you have lots of colored eggs?"

Then Rose told all her plans, not omitting the new dress and the recitation. She saved the news of the wonderful flower until the last.

When she finished, Miss Phoebe's eyes were full of tears. "I remember when I used to do those things. We had money then, and there was an Easter lily in every room in the house. How I loved the pure, beautiful flowers! It's a long time since I've had a lily. I can't even get to church to see them. Why, Rose, it has been"—Miss Phoebe counted on her fingers—"it has been ten years since I saw an Easter lily. I'm so crippled up I can't get out."

Rose left soon after this, but instead of going to see her friend she went straight home. She placed the lily on the floor, and wrapped a newspaper around it, as she had seen the florists do. Then she went back to the little house on B Street.

"A red-letter day," muttered Miss Barlow when she heard the second knock. "Why, my dear, are you back again?" she said, as Rose opened the door.

Rose untied the paper, and displayed the beautiful lily. "With my Easter greetings," and she dropped a courtesy.

"Why, Rose Taylor," Miss Phoebe said in dismay, "you've brought me your lily. You must take it back, for you were so proud to know it was to be on the superintendent's table tomorrow. Why did I talk to you as I did?"

"No, I'll not take it back," was the decided answer. "I guess it won't be ten years again before you see an Easter lily. You are to have this for your very own," and Rose slipped out before a reply could be made.

"Where is your lily?" Mrs. Taylor asked in surprise when her daughter entered the room.

Rose told the whole story. "I couldn't have been happy, mother, to have my lily at church, and Miss Phoebe doing without any," she finished.

"You shall not be the only unselfish one, Rose," Mr. Hood said when she explained the absence of the flower.